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ORIGINAL
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ON
Several Occasions.

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By Mr. HEYWOOD. K

-------- Quondàm pulcherrima Virgo
Multorumq; fuit ſpes invidioſa procorum.
Ovid. Met.

------ Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.
Virgil.

LONDON:
Printed for J. BATEMAN at the *Hat and Star*, and J. NICKS at the *Dolphin and Crown*, both in S. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1721.
(Price 6 *d.*) Septemb.

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By Mr. HAYWOOD.

TO

Mrs. ----------

MADAM,

IN Compliance to your repeated Requeſt, theſe following Poems appear in Publick. Your dear Siſter (when living) gave Birth to moſt of theſe Lines. Some of thoſe upon other Subjects were writ about ten Years ago; and the reſt when I was engaged in a Crowd of Buſineſs. The Unripeneſs of my Age, and the Tumult of Affairs that I am conſtantly involved in, will, I hope, in ſome meaſure apologize for any incorrect Lines which the Readers meet with. Mr. Cowley *ſays, it is as eaſy to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verſes amongſt Noiſe and Tumult.*

DEDICATION.

I would now attempt to delineate LUCINDA's *Character, but I am too sensible it will open to you a fresh Scene of Sorrow: Let us rejoice in this, that she is become an Inhabitant of those bright and glorious Mansions, which are the sure Rewards of that exemplary Virtue and Piety she was so peculiarly distinguish'd for.*

May an uninterrupted Series of Happiness attend you, is the hearty Wish of,

Madam,

Your most sincerely

Devoted Servant,

James Heywood.

POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

TO
LUCINDA,
Seeing her wear a very gay becoming
HOOD.

---------Gratissima fœmina cultu,
O quantum vestro indulget Natura decori!
Ovid.

LUCINDA's matchless Form and Air,
So charming never did appear,
So pleasing unto *Strephon*'s Sight,
So wond'rous fair, amazing bright,

As

As when your pretty Hood did grace,
And ſhade each Feature of your Face:
Whene'er on you my Eyes did dart,
A ſudden Tranſport ſeiz'd my Heart;
I felt ſuch ſecret Springs of Joy,
As fill'd my Mind with Extaſy.
I was as eager for a Kiſs,
As two young Lovers are of Bliſs.
The more I look, the more I find
You are the Object of my Mind:
And, ſure, there's nothing more can prove
A greater Index of my Love.
More killing Airs pray ceaſe to add,
For one more Charm wou'd make me mad.

To a Friend over a Glass.

WHilst you, my Friend, *Miranda*'s Charms (do boast,
My dear *Lucinda* is my darling Toast,
Each circling Glass, let us repeat with Joy,
These fav'rite Healths, and drink with Extasy.
Such Nymphs will make the Glass more spark- (ling shine,
And give a richer Flavour to the Wine.

On the Death of the Honourable Joſeph Addiſon *Eſq;*

Semper honos, nomenq; tuum, laudeſq; manebunt.
Virg.

Quod mortale fuit, rapuit mors, fama vireſcit.
Mart.

FArewel, thou darling Fav'rite of the Stage,
Farewel, thou greateſt Genius of the Age;
Permit my Muſe, amongſt the reſt, to mourn,
And ſhed a Tear upon thy peaceful Urn.

Such was his Genius, ſuch his ſterling Wit,
Such ſoft, ſuch charming tuneful Words he writ,
And in each Line ſuch Beauty does impart,
He charms the Ear, and captivates the Heart.

Not

Not *Young*'s, not *Pope*'s, nor *Congreve*'s Pen can
(tell,
How much our *Engliſh Maro* did excell.
They may in nervous Lines thy Praiſe rehearſe,
In ſublime Numbers, and harmonious Verſe;
But which of our great *Britiſh* Bards can ſhow,
Or paint this Loſs, this dismal Scene of Woe?
Whene'er he writ, how was his Pen inſpir'd
With flowing Fancy, and with Rapture fir'd,
That in theſe cynic and cenſorious Days,
The moſt ill-natur'd *Momus* gave him Praiſe.
In ſtrong and tow'ring Thoughts he did diſ-
(play
The Martial Acts of *Blenheim*'s wond'rous Day.
When e'er his *CATO* on the Stage appears,
Each tender Heart will drop ſome grateful Tears:
When *BOOTH* his ſoft majeſtick Voice does
(raiſe,
Loud Peals of Thunder-claps proclaim thy Praiſe.

O ADDISON! I could as ſoon rehearſe,
And paint thy Virtues, as to praiſe thy Verſe;
Not only Wonders in thy Lines we find,
But ſhining Virtues beautify'd thy Mind;
Goodneſs without Alloy thy Soul poſſeſs'd,
And Godlike Acts thy happy Temper bleſs'd.

How many Rich, and Nobly born, do die,
Which in the gloomy Shades forgotten lie,
That leave no Traces of their Names behind,
Vaniſh like Clouds before a Northern Wind.
Tho' in his native Duſt, he cannot die,
But live Immortal by his Poetry.
His matchleſs Virtues will record his Name,
And After-Ages will extol his Fame.

In ANSWER to some VERSES *which* Lucinda *and* Mira (*when in Bed together*) *made on* Strephon.

Ut meminisse juvat---- Ovid.

TWO Nymphs one Night forbore to close
Their Eyes, in gentle Sleep, and soft Repose,
Their Thoughts in tuneful Numbers to express,
In Manly Stile, in more than Woman's Dress:
Such soft, such happy Lines they did indite,
As *Congreve* would applaud, and *Prior* write.
O! did their Pens and tender Thoughts conspire,
What joyful Raptures would my Fancy fire!
Had *Strephon* then in *Mira*'s Place but been,
And *Hymen*'s Nuptial Rites pronounc'd between
Lucinda and myself, in this I'm right,
She had not slept, nor made one Verse that Night.

Martial

Martial, *Lib.* 10. *Epig.* 47. *Imitated,* When at MANCHESTER School.

Vitam quæ faciunt Beatiorem, &c.

MY Friend, doſt thou deſire to know,
What Things the greateſt Bliſs beſtow;
Wealth by painful Toil not gain'd,
But by Inheritance obtain'd:
Fruitful Fields, a Houſe that's warm,
From Diſcord free, ſerenely calm.
No ſickning Pains diſturb the Mind,
But Health in blooming Vigour find.
An honeſt Plainneſs, frank and true,
And a delightful Friend or two.
Of no luxuriant Diſhes taſte,
Which both thy Health and Subſtance waſte.

Sober

Sober each Night, and free from Care,
Thy Bed no anxious Sorrow share.
In true Contentment, Days thus past,
Thou'lt neither fear nor wish the Last.

To Lucinda, *visiting him in his Sickness.*

Sic ego mente jacens, & acerbo saucius ictu
Admonitu cæpi fortior esse tuo.
..... Sic ad tua verba revixi,
Ut solet infuso Vena redire merо. **Ovid.**

SO much I languish'd, and so fast,
So almost thought each Hour my last,
That, till divine *Lucinda* came,
Life burn'd but with a glimm'ring Flame:
But raging Sickness, strong Decay,
On her Approach, at once gave way.
So *Phœbus*, with his Rays of Light,
Dispels the Vapours of the Night.

As Nature ſickens when a Dearth
Locks the parch'd Boſom of the Earth;
But when refreſh'd with kindly Show'rs,
We ſee gay Groves, and ſmiling Flow'rs!
So at *Lucinda*'s Sight, half dead
Before, I raiſe my drooping Head:
The Springs of Life are wound again,
And a new Vigour ſwells each Vein.

Had you not kindly come to ſave
Your dying *Strephon* from the Grave,
Fruitleſs had been the Strife of Art
To heal my Limbs, or eaſe my Heart.
Not *Mead* himſelf, Relief cou'd give,
Your Preſence only makes me live.

O lovely Maid! be kinder yet,
And make the Cure begun, compleat;
Know that there's ſomething ſtill behind,
To cure the Fever of my Mind:
To thy dear Arms I wiſh to fly,
There quite revive, or gladly die.

On ſeeing Lucinda *bluſh.*

——— Non labra roſæ, non colla pruinæ,
Non crines æquant violæ, non lumina flammæ.

THE Crimſon Bluſhes in your Cheeks ex-
(preſs'd
What tender Thoughts inſpir'd your ſnowy
(Breaſt;
Your Fan with artful Hand was much employ'd,
The riſing Beauties of your Face to hide:
But when with dext'rous Skill you toſs'd your
(Fan,
You cool'd the happy Nymph, but fir'd the Man.
Ten thouſand Graces play'd about your Face,
Peculiar Charms attended every Grace;
Each Grace, each lovely Feature did impart,
A ſecret Pleaſure to my throbbing Heart.
Beſides theſe beauteous Charms, in you there's
(join'd
Unrivall'd Goodneſs, and a heav'nly Mind.

If I but gain *Lucinda* for my Bride,
The World all other Bleſſings may divide;
If I'm but with my beauteous Charmer bleſt,
I'll leave Mankind to ſcuffle for the reſt.

To a Friend inviting him into the Country.

Beatus ille qui procùl negotiis. Horace.

----Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis partutit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
Virgil.

FRom buſy Crowds to Shades with Joy re-(tire,
And pleaſing Walks, and Labyrinths admire:
Each Morning here appears ſo bright, ſo gay,
As if the Morning of a Nuptial Day.
Here Beauty does in ſhining Landſkips riſe,
And Larks with tow'ring Wings aſcend the Skies.

When *Philomel* tunes her melodious Throat,
Each feather'd Warbler ſings a chearful Note.
Oh! what Delight does this ſoft Seaſon bring,
When tuneful Linnets welcome in the Spring.

When I look up, with raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey
The riſing Mountains, and all Nature gay;
Or when with Tranſport I look down below,
There purling Streams in Silver Currents flow.
Here ſmiling Fields, and flow'ry Banks delight,
There ſtarry Dazies grow, and charm the Sight.
Here Bloſſoms, Palm, and fragrant Bow'rs,
There ſpreading Laurel, and full blooming (Flow'rs.
Here Myrtle in its infant Sweetneſs grows,
There ſhady Trees are rang'd in beauteous Rows.
Scene after Scene does charm my wond'ring (Eyes,
Where-e'er I look, I ſee new Proſpects riſe.
Thus loſt in Extaſy, with Wonder gaze,
And Nature's pencill'd Works my Soul amaze.

No gloomy Thoughts disturb my peaceful Mind,
But unknown Bliss, and solid Joy I find.
Thus in these happy Scenes my Time I spend,
And nothing want but Thee, dear *TOM*, my
(Friend.

To these bless'd Shades, and heav'nly Scenes
(retire,
Whose flow'ry Verdure does new Life inspire.
How bleating Lambs wou'd skip, and Groves
(rejoice,
And Grotto's eccho to thy charming Voice.
Leave the dull Town, and banish *South Sea*
(Care,
Come live with me, and breath in purer Air.

Spoken

Spoken Extempore, *on meeting a beautiful young Lady in the Iron Gallery at the Top of St.* Paul's *Church.*

THIS fam'd Metropolis I came to view,
But find no Proſpect yields Delight but you.
To me theſe tow'ring Structures ſeem leſs fair,
And loſe their Beauty by your killing Air.
O lovely Nymph! permit me but a Kiſs,
And grant me, ſo near Heav'n, to taſt of Bliſs.

Lucinda

LUCINDA, *admir'd for the Beauty of her Mind, as well as her perſonal Charms.*

Probitas, fideſq; conjugis, mores, pudor
placeant marito, ſola perpetuò manent
ſubjecta nulli, mentis atq; animi bona;
Florem decoris ſinguli carpunt dies.
Seneca.

I Prize my dear *Lucinda*, much before
Thoſe Nymphs which others value and (adore:
Miranda has good Humour, but wants Senſe,
Her Entertainment is Impertinence.
Cloe and *Phillis* are both young and gay,
But they with Shocks and Parrots ſpend the Day.

Belinda

Belinda ſings ſo melting ſoft and clear,
Wou'd charm an Angel from his heav'nly Sphere,
The tuneful Muſick of her Voice to hear;
At the Tea-Table does her Sex reproach,
And flagrant Scandal takes delight to broach.

I own, *Dorinda*'s Fair, (divinely Fair!)
And that *Clariſſa* has a killing Air:
But *Dorinda*'s Pride, mix'd with Ill Nature,
Sullies the Luſtre of each graceful Feature:
It's too well known, *Clariſſa* has a Mind
To Plays, Picket, and Ombre much inclin'd.

Survey the Circle of the Nymphs around,
With Faults they all, in ſome degree, abound;
There's only dear *Lucinda* to be found,
With ſublime Virtues, all Perfections crown'd.

On Lucinda's *Singing.*

LUCINDA's warbling Voice to hear,
I liſten'd with attentive Ear:
The Muſick of your tuneful Tongue,
Your ſoft, melodious, melting Song,
Does *Strephon*'s gentle Thoughts inſpire,
With pleaſing Joys, and Raptures fire.
Each ſwelling Note his Boſom warms,
And fills his Soul with Heav'nly Charms.
In ſuch extatic Bliſs and Love,
We gueſs at Harmony Above.
In Tranſports thus Life does decay,
Your *Strephon* faints, and dies away.

To Mr. *GAY*,

On his POEM, entitled,

TRIVIA: *Or*, The Art of Walking the Streets of *London*.

Quos titulos, quæ non meruit præconia laudum?
Mart.

O *GAY!* my grateful Thoughts do crowd (my Mind,
To tell you what harmonious Lines I find
In this thy *TRIVIA*, ſuch Beauties ſhine,
I'm pleas'd to ſee a Wonder in each Line:
So much thy tow'ring Thoughts my Fancy fire,
The more I read, the more I ſtill admire.

What Critic with his ſtabbling Pen can ſtain
Thy tuneful Verſes, or eclipſe thy Fame?
The very *Momus* which inſults thy Name,
Envies thy Genius, tho' thy Verſes blame.
Thy uſeful Hints direct the rural 'Squire,
His Steps from wandring Females to retire.
To hoary Heads thou'rt an indulgent Friend,
And thoſe which under heavy Burdens bend.
When joſtling buſy Crowds walk in the Street,
And helpleſs Objects, Blind and Lame, we meet,
Thou doſt inſtruct us what Reſpect to pay,
To give the Wall, and when to take the Way.
Theſe Men with thankful Voice will give thee Praiſe,
Pray for thy Health, and wiſh thee proſp'rous Days.

Whether by *Phœbus*'s Meridian Light,
Or in the gloomy Horror of the Night
I walk, in winding Alleys, Streets unknown,
And loſe my Way in this great Hive the Town,

By

By thy Directions, I shall fear no Ill,
No panic Terror shall my Bosom fill:
Whilst I walk Streets, thy Precepts I'll imbibe,
TRIVIA shall be my Convoy and my Guide.

To a young Lady admiring a Butterfly.

BEhold that Fly, his wond'rous Form display,
The painted Beauty of his Wings survey:
Dorinda's Hoop in slender Waist confin'd,
Are like these beauteous Wings and Body join'd.
So do your circling Charms adorn the Fair,
And give a pleasing Lustre to your Air.

On a Roſe that drop'd out of a Noſegay which Lucinda *had in her Boſom.*

THIS Roſe, *Lucinda*, once did reſt
On your ſoft, downy, riſing Breaſt,
Did dwell upon thoſe Mounts of Snow,
Where rich *Hyblæan* Sweets do grow.
Was I ſo happily but plac'd,
Where this Flower ſo lately grac'd,
With long-liv'd Pleaſure there I'd ſtay,
And not thus droop, and fade away.

On the Death of Mr. Molineux, *Mathematician in* Mancheſter.

Written in the Year 1712.

Narrabat pueros longis rationibus aſſem.
------Centum diducere partibus.

Horace.

IF refin'd Knowlege, or bright Parts cou'd (ſave
The greateſt Genius from the ſilent Grave,
Had ſuch receiv'd a Patent to abide
Secure from Change, *Molineux* ne'er had dy'd,
To Fate he had not then reſign'd his Breath,
But triumph'd o'er the Icy Arms of Death.

Accompts in all its Branches taught ſo well,
That with ſuperior Skill he did excel:

He

He would in that ſublime, myſterious Art,
Reduce a Sum to the minuteſt Part.
From Trade the Source of Wealth and Plenty (flow,

On artful *Numbers* therefore Praiſe beſtow:
By which great Science, may be juſtly ſaid,
Our ſtately *London* rears its tow'ring Head.

* This trading Town the greateſt Loſs ſu- (ſtains,
No ſkilful Maſter of Accompts remains;
The beſt *Arithmetician* being dead,
Th' expiring Science hangs its drooping Head.

* *Manchester.*

On seeing Lucinda *one Morning very Early.*

------Thalamoq; relictus in uno.

Ovid.

NO sooner saw th' approaching Day,
But to my Dear I wing'd my way,
To see my Life! my Soul! my All!
That I can good, or charming call.
I ne'er petition'd Friends Consent,
But softly to her Chamber went:
The Nymph was just step'd out of Bed,
In Morning-Gown, and undress'd Head.
Good Gods! how much did her Attire
My glowing Breast with Rapture fire:
What Pleasure was there in a Kiss,
What solid Joy, what unknown Bliss:

For

For when I ſaw but ſuch a Scene,
I found a Pulſe in ev'ry Vein.
How bleſs'd was I, could Gods but ſee,
Great *Jove* himſelf wou'd envy me.

FINIS.